

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

The Encyclopædia of Antiquities, and Elements of Archæology; Classical and Mediæval. By the Rev. T. D. FOSBROKE, M. A., F. A. S., Author of 'British Monachism,' &c. &c. Part I. 4to. London, 1823.

SUCH is the title of a work, which, though the first of the kind ever edited in England, promises to be one of great value and interest; and it is not a little remarkable, that although Archæology is a science which, in its present state, demands almost the labour of a whole life to become acquainted with it, yet no one has ever thought of facilitating its study by an elementary treatise; it may, as the editor observes in his address, be 'denominated a language without a grammar or a dictionary to expedite its acquisition.'

By arranging the work in a classified form, and proceeding chronologically, the advantage of continuous reading is preserved, and the reader who has no knowledge of the subject, is led on, step by step, from the base of Archæology to its summit. In explaining the principles of the science and its progress, Mr. Fosbroke takes for his basis monuments and specimens actually existing, where such can be obtained, and which is generally the case.

Presuming that the utility of such a work will be universally admitted, we can only say that we know no gentleman better able to execute it than Mr. Fosbroke, whose deep research and intimate acquaintance with the subject is too well known to need our eulogy. That it is a work of extraordinary labour for one individual to undertake we will admit, but we do not fear that the industry and patience of the author will accomplish it.

After some introductory remarks, Mr. Fosbroke proceeds to a description of the Cyclopæan masonry, for every architectural work of magnitude was anciently attributed to the Cyclops. The general character of the Cyclopæan style is immense blocks without cement, and though the walls have become ir-

regular from smaller stones, which filled up the interstices, having disappeared, yet they were once so compact as to seem an entire mass. Of the Cyclopæan style the 'Gate of the Lyons' at Mycenæ is the best specimen in Europe. Of this Mr. Fosbroke gives a good engraving.

From the Cyclopæan, Mr. Fosbroke proceeds to a notice of the Indian, Phœnician, or Tyrian, and Egyptian architecture, describing the latter under the several classes of temples, palaces, tombs, pyramids, obelisks, and colossal figures. Of the tombs, Mr. Fosbroke observes:—

'The ancient Egyptians, from the monarch to the subject, believed that their souls, after many thousand years, would come to re-inhabit their bodies, in case these latter were preserved entire. Hence arose the embalming, and the situation of the sepulchres, in places not subject to the inundation of the river. These tombs at Thebes consist of sepulchral grottoes, made in the side of a hill, from its base to within three quarters of its summit. The lowest are the best executed, and the most spacious. The plan of all is nearly the same. A door open to the east leads to a gallery supported by columns or pilasters. At the end of the gallery is a well, which leads to the catacombs, where the mummies were deposited. These walls, from forty to sixty feet deep, abut upon long subterranean alleys, terminating in a square room, supported by pillars, in which room are still remains of mummies. In the upper gallery are bas-reliefs, or paintings on subjects relating to the funeral ceremonies; and every grotto had a ceiling painted in a fanciful manner, much resembling our paper for rooms. The tombs of the kings are particularly noticeable. The ancient road to them has not been found. Every grotto communicated with the valley by a large door. This leads into a succession of galleries, with chambers on both sides. One of these contains the actual sarcophagus, in which was placed the mummy of a king. It retains its cover, upon which is the royal effigy. The grand point of notice, however, in these souterrains, is the fresco paintings. They exhibit all the arts of civilization which obtained in Egypt, such as relate to the manufacture and agriculture, saddlery, carriages, pottery, counters for trade, rural employment, hunting, fishing, marches of troops, punishments in

use, musical instruments, habits, and furniture. But there also prevails a great bizarreness of subjects, from which the Romans borrowed the grotesque, so commonly found in the pictures of Herculaneum.'

Of the mechanical means employed to raise such immense masses as are used in the ancient monuments of Egypt, Mr. Fosbroke gives an interesting account:—

'How the Egyptians and Early Ancients moved and formed such stupendous masses has been often a subject of doubt and admiration, perhaps from want of consideration, how Archimedes made his grand experiments, or how the immense concerns of our dock-yards are conducted. The principles of mechanics are few and simple. Plumb-lines, and wheels and axles, are mentioned in contemporary writings. Denon says, that the Egyptians began by elevating masses, in which they marked out their architectural lines; and it is certain that at the temple of Hermonthis, the sculpture of the capitals has not been finished, so that the pillars were worked after they were put up. The obelisks are described by Pliny as having been brought to Thebes from the quarries by means of a canal. The obelisks were made to rest across the stream upon the opposite banks; vessels loaded with bricks were brought under; the cargo was then taken out, and, the vessels rising, elevated the obelisks. The method employed of moving columns and large stones, was by affixing strong iron axles in each end, and inserting them in broad wheels of solid construction. Such was the plan of Ctesiphon and Methagenes, of which Vitruvius gives the account. Such a wheel also appears affixed to the end of an obelisk in Montfaucon's plate. Herodotus writes, that Cleopas, the son of Rasimitha, left steps outside the pyramid, in order that very large stones might be moved by short beams and proper engines. The short beam seems to point out the *carchesium*, or crane of Vitruvius. Very large stone beams are said to have been placed upon high columns in this manner. Under the centre of the beam they put two cross pieces, mutually contiguous. They then affixed baskets of sand at one end till the weight raised the other. Under the beam thus raised from its bed, they placed a stay or support. They then applied the weights to the opposite end, newly lifted, till it tilted up the other extremity; and so putting another elevator under, they proceeded till the stone was reared into its proper position. It is said, that the stones for

he pyramids were brought along artificial causeways; and Pliny adds, that bridges were made of unbaked bricks, till the work was concluded, and then the bricks were distributed for the formation of private houses. M. de Laystorié thinks that the scaffolding of the ancients was formed of ropes, and that such a method might now be very conveniently adopted. Stones were sold ready hewn, and Pliny mentions the process of sawing them (for the saw is seen on Egyptian monuments) by the aid of sand, and this process and very form of the saw are still preserved. In ancient representations, upright posts, or capstans, are erected, around which winds a rope, fastened to the block, and the capstan is turned by long horizontal levers. Ammianus Marcellinus, speaking of the erection of the obelisk at Constantinople, says, that there was a wood of machinery, consisting of lofty beams or masts, with which were connected vast and long ropes as thick as network. With these the obelisk was fastened, and by many thousand men, working as in turning a mill, it was placed in its socket. As clearly as we can comprehend this by comparison with the figure, the great number of ropes was intended to prevent a fall; and those, which elevated the obelisk, were strained by the capstan just described, till it was elevated upon its base. A very rude method of fixing upright large stones was, according to some authors, rolling them up an inclined plane, and then letting them fall into the place intended. The excellence of the workmanship in the monuments of Egypt is, however, sufficient evidence of the knowledge of the leading necessary machinery, because it is of course antecedent to the invention of finish and ornament.

Grecian and Roman architecture next comes under consideration, but as it is not concluded in the first number, we shall defer any notice of it until the second appears; in the meantime, we cannot too strongly recommend the 'Encyclopædia of Archæology,' as a work that no good library should be without: and lest some of our readers may think it a dry subject, we can assure them that it is elegantly written, and full of interesting facts, with which every person of liberal education ought to be acquainted.

Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches, and Memoirs; collected by LETITIA MATILDA HAWKINS. Vol. I. London, 1822.

'ALL the world reads anecdotes,' says Mr. D'Israeli, or some other anecdotographer of the present day; and we should really think there is much truth in the remark, from the number of works of this class that are continually issuing from the press, and the avidity with which they are bought by the public. Much, however, as has recently ap-

peared, there are few persons with a retentive memory, and who mix in society, but might be able, like Mr. Matthews's old Scotchwoman, 'to contribute their mite to the hilarity' of the public. Such an opportunity has occurred to Miss Hawkins, and well she has profited by it. This lady is the daughter of Sir John Hawkins, the ingenious and the laborious author of the 'History of Music';—a gentleman, who numbered among his acquaintance and constant visitors, all the literati and men of talent of his day. An attentive observer could not fail to gather much from the 'wit combats' of such individuals, and it is not, therefore, surprising, that Miss Hawkins has formed a goodly collection. If, however, our readers suppose that all the anecdotes in this volume are original, and now related for the first time, they will most assuredly be mistaken; nor do they all relate to the persons mentioned, but several are only related by them; a few of these are better known to the public perhaps than Miss Hawkins is aware of; but this is always likely to be the case in works of this sort, nor should it be considered as lessening the value of those which are really new and interesting.

Miss Hawkins gives us three prefatory articles: to wit, a dedication to the present worthy Chamberlain of London, an advertisement, and an apology. She assures us that she is determined not to speak disrespectfully or hurt the feelings of any person; and, indeed, this she may say with tolerable safety, so far as regards the latter, for most of the persons of whom she writes, are alike dead to censure or praise; for, with the exception of Mr. Clark, Jeremy Bentham, and Lord Colchester, we do not know of any living individuals whose names are mentioned in this volume. The style of these anecdotes is pleasing, and they must hereafter be resorted to as valuable memoranda for the future biographers of the individuals to whom they relate. The manner is quite conversational without frivolity, and explicit without tediousness. Having thus given a general outline of the work, we shall leave its amiable author to speak in future for herself. Garrick, being a frequent visitor at the house of Sir John Hawkins, comes in for a large share of his daughter's notice; we shall, however, only detach a few passages:—

'But to return to Garrick. I see him now in a dark blue coat, the button-holes bound with gold, a small cocked-hat laced with gold, his waistcoat very open, and his countenance never at rest, and, indeed,

seldom his person; for, in the relaxation of the country, he gave way to all his natural volatility, and with my father was perfectly at ease, sometimes sitting on a table, and then, if he saw my brothers at a distance on the lawn, shooting off like an arrow out of a bow in a spirited chase of them round the garden. I remember when my father, having me in his hand, met him on the common, riding his pretty pony,—his moving my compassion by lamenting the misery of being summoned to town in hot weather (I think August,) to play before the King of Denmark. I thought him sincere, and his case pitiable, till my father assured me that he was in reality very well pleased, and that what he groaned at as a labour, was an honour paid to his talents.

'I suppose no one of the same profession ever attained a higher degree of respectability than Garrick—to call him Mr. Garrick is degrading him;—he was Garrick, and Garrick only. To call him David Garrick, is to suppose that he needs distinguishing from another of the same name, when perhaps he never had his equal in that or any other.'

'The most violent agitation, perhaps, that Mr. Garrick's mind was ever moved with, occurred in my memory; but it is on the relation of one more capable at that time of judging of it, that I give the ludicrous part of it.

'It is out of my minor department, to speak of public or rather professional vexations;—but I think none could have been greater than that which was occasioned by a wicked report, that he and Mrs. Garrick lived so ill together, as to be about to separate; and that the proximate cause was his infidelity to her. He came to my father in complete dejection—never was his acting so impressive as my father described his real feeling to have been. He complained of the injustice done him, and the danger incurred by it of giving uneasiness to Mrs. Garrick. With an expression of contrition, he confessed that the early part of his life had been productive of much irregularity; but he declared that from the hour of his marriage, his affection had never for a moment swerved from Mrs. Garrick, to whose attaching powers and valuable qualities he paid the handsomest tribute of acknowledgment. This serious part of his complaint over, he dashed off, in imagination, to the various representations of this supposed fact that would probably be made by each inhabitant of Twickenham: it was a most perfect piece of acting as to every imitable particular, even to the click of encouragement,—impossible to be written,—with which one gentleman, inclined to be the hasty bearer of news about a village, would set his horse off again when he had disburdened his mind.'

'Mr. Garrick had one evening quitted Mrs. G. in her box at Drury-lane theatre, saying, as he often did, "I shall be back in a few minutes." A prologue or epilogue was spoken. Mrs. G. was in full sight of the speaker, but thought him a stranger, till her little dog, who was with her, called her

attention when and Mr. Garrick.

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Adopt the toast to all or not conf lection, of the count of scendant cupies th at Strat

'This like won singular plays an From the gedy of t thing im are in in quis of V ting in 1st, 2d, has mad fugitive: sians me cape fro is the m racter. wondrou poses wh she has comet; turned speare t what sh mires h hand, a no pres nothing persons she alwa sentenc or "La bought been in of seer discrimi

attention by showing signs of great joy, when and not till when she knew it to be Mr. Garrick who was speaking.

'The other anecdote I hope I shall not offend by making public: it is in all ways too good to be concealed. I was saying to a gentleman here, that I was convinced the chariot which Mrs. G. now used, was the same in which she used to visit at our house, when I was a child. He said I was nearly right, for that it was very lately that she had had a new one. A new one, indeed, had been in contemplation some time before; but at the same time, she had received letters from her relations abroad, stating that a young lady of the family was engaged to an officer in the Austrian service, and that the only obstacle to the union was his being unable to raise the large sum required by the Government, as a deposit on the marriage of an officer, and which, if a wife survives, is returned to her as a provision. Mrs. G. on this news, countermanded her carriage, saying, in her imperfect English, that, "the old one would do for her, and that she would have the young people made happy.'

Adopting, in the present instance, the toast of Peg Woffington—"confusion to all order—let liberty live," we shall not confine ourselves to any order of selection, but from a note to an account of the Stratford Jubilee, quote an account of Mrs. Hornby, a collateral descendant of Shakespeare, who still occupies the house in which he was born, at Stratford-on-Avon:—

'This Mrs. Hornby, a very decent nurse-like woman in her exterior, appears very singular in mind. She writes and prints plays and verses of her own composition. From the newspapers she has made a tragedy of the battle of Waterloo, the queerest thing imaginable. The interlocutors' names are in initials, the P. R., D. Y., and the Marquis of W. She has made our ministry sitting in council, under the appellations of 1st, 2d, and 3d Minister. In one act she has made Buonaparte in Paris, and Louis a fugitive: in the next she has made the Parisians merely conjecturing Buonaparte's escape from Elba. But her innocent conceit is the most curious circumstance of her character. She talks of her performances with wondrous approbation;—she says she composes whenever she cannot sleep; and that she has written some beautiful verses on the comet; but not satisfied with them, she has turned them into a play, and made Shakspeare the comet. She says she often alters what she does; and that every body admires her publications. She writes a fair hand, and in her style of speaking there is no predominant vulgarity; but there is nothing in it that can distinguish her from persons of her own class: in speaking to me she always called me "Lady," and began the sentence with it—"Lady, I can show you;" or "Lady, if you will please to look." I bought her play. She said she had never been in London. She spoke with pleasure of seeing Shakspeare's plays, but with no discrimination;—she was sure there were

none like them. Speaking of her children, she called them "the little Shakspeares;" adding, "We call them all Shakspeares!"

Of the jubilee at Stratford-upon-Avon, Miss H. relates that—

'Foote, it is well known, went to Stratford purposely to laugh at and caricature it; and I can never forget the merriment excited in my mind by the anecdotes of his manner of doing this. His meeting, early one morning, in the streets of Stratford, an Essex squire, full dressed in blue and silver, whose countenance expressed a kind of vagrant curiosity—the squire's asking him, as if doubting of the worthiness of its object in the present instance, what all this meant:—his unfortunate expression, nay, almost lamentation, that he had been "brought out of Essex" by the report of the jubilee, and Foote's cutting query, with a stare that may be imagined, "Out of Essex!—and pray, Sir, who drove you?"

We have said that all the anecdotes in this volume are not original, and, in a note, at p. 47, we recognize one of our earliest acquaintance—that of the painter, who was employed to decorate a staircase with the overthrow of Pharaoh and his host, with this difference, that we have seen it much better told, and that, while hitherto every narrator has been at liberty to give to it what 'local habitation and name' he pleased, Miss Hawkins, on the authority of Captain Gostling, makes Hogarth the artist. In the next page, in a note, we meet with another Joe Miller, about a speaker of the House of Commons, which, having run the gauntlet of all the English newspapers, is now probably in the 'Moon of Intelligence' at Calcutta, whence it may be expected to return, after circumnavigating the globe—by the time that Miss Hawkins has a second volume of her work ready.—

'At a time when the making a new serjeant, or to use the law phrase, a new call of serjeants, was considered as an important event, part of the ceremony was a procession, which set out, if I mistake not, from the Temple, and, proceeding westward, turned up Surrey-street in the Strand, and, then turning eastward, went up Chancery-lane to Serjeant's Inn, where those already of the rank of serjeants, were assembled in their hall to receive the new serjeant; and on his approach, the intimation was given in the following terms: "I spy a brother." Some one, in the spirit of innocent merriment, recollecting that Mr. Serjeant Prime's crest was an owl, placed the figure of an owl at the first floor window of a house in the Strand, directly fronting Surrey-street. To this figure was affixed a label, on which were the words—"I spy a brother," so plain that those who formed the procession could not fail to observe them as they came up Surrey-street."

Miss Hawkins is an amusing Rambler, but her excursions are too frequent, and

at too great a distance; and, though she mixes up the observations of to-day with recollections of half a century ago, yet they are not always apposite. The Jacobites have had many ways of concealing their principles, while they externally professed their loyalty to the powers that be; of this, the following is a good instance: the fair subject was the Marchioness of Tweeddale:—

'The Marchioness herself had been Lady Frances Carteret, a daughter of the Earl of Granville, whom, I believe, I may distinguish as the elegantly, if not the classically-read Lord Granville, and had been brought up by her Jacobite aunt Lady Worsley, one of the most zealous of that party. The Marchioness herself told my father, that on her aunt's upbraiding her when a child, with not attending prayers, she answered, "that she heard her ladyship did not pray for the King."—"Not pray for the King?" said Lady Worsley, "who says this?" I will have you and those who sent you, know that I *do* pray for the King; but I do not think it necessary to tell God Almighty who is king."

Miss Hawkins sometimes forgets her declaration, not to speak disrespectfully of any person, for we find Dr. Hawkesworth, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, and even that virtuous patriot and amiable man, Sir G. Savile, spoken of in terms far from respectful. The latter, Miss Hawkins only knows 'as the zealous patron of a church holding tenets utterly hostile to ours; and, by his success in its cause, giving room to a madman to terrify us almost out of our senses, in the never-to-be-forgotten year, 1780. This may be very orthodox, but it is certainly far from being liberal. Of Mr. Owen Cambridge, our author quotes a prompt reply, which—

"He made to our venerable and ever-to-be-lamented monarch, when, meeting the royal party ascending Richmond Hill, the King said to him, "You do not ride so fast as you used to do." "Sir," said Mr. Cambridge, "I am going down hill."

Horace Walpole.—When he was in France, during his father's administration, passing through Amiens, in warm weather, he stopped to view the beautiful front of the cathedral: he got out of his carriage—a favourite little dog followed him. The creature, being thirsty, looked round for drink, and, while his master was engaged in surveying the building, he discovered the vessel of holy water in the porch, and began to lap it. Mr. Walpole took him away with all speed, and thought himself fortunate that no one passed by at the moment, as a construction of a very serious nature might have been put on the son of the Prime Minister of England, suffering such an affront to be offered to the religion of the country.'

We have already spoken of Miss Hawkins's orthodox principles, in re-

gard to religion, and we find she has some very aristocratical notions. In an heraldic refutation of an error in Boswell's Johnson, respecting her father, she has the following note:—

‘Who is there but must lament the present sad depreciation of honours? Knight-hood has been bestowed, till it is, without exaggeration, become a nauseous jest; and the dignity of baronet depends for its credit on the manners of the wearer. The plain esquire of large property has a weight which a new peerage will not give; nay, I have heard of a Duke of Beaufort, who, on the appearance of a manufacturer on the boards of the House of Lords, said, “I had hoped *here*, to have met only my equals.” It is in the power of us all to put a valuation upon what we bestow; and even in our families, by mismanagement, a sovereign may pass for a shilling: by good management we may effect something even much better than the contrary. Admissions to the royal presence ought to have a strong boundary-line, or “Memoirs of a Drawing-room” may become a work of great amusement.’

Of Cheselden, the great surgeon, we have the following singular anecdote:—

‘Mr. Cheselden, who is well known as having been surgeon to the queen of George the Second, going into an obscure country town, found a blacksmith, who, with the best intention and the utmost confidence, was in the habit of performing the operation for extracting the cataract. Pleased with his talents, Mr. C. took pains to instruct him, and at a future time inquiring what had been his success, the man replied, “Ah, sir, you spoilt my trade, for after you explained to me what I had been doing, I never dared try again.”’

Dr. Mead.—When Dr. Mead attended at his father's place of preaching, and was called out to a patient, the old gentleman always included in his prayers the patient to whom his son was called out.

‘My father's anecdotes of Mead went no further than the reputed produce of his practice, the precision of his movements, and the interest which his father took in his success. He was said to take, on an average, 8,000*l.* a year, a great receipt in itself, but small when compared with that to which one of our great operating practitioners pleads guilty—22,000*l.* on an average of three years, per annum!’

Sir John Cope.—When his tent was pillaged after his defeat, a quantity of chocolate was found in it, of the use of which the Highlanders were so ignorant, that they took it for some composition prepared in case of wounds, and cried it in the camp as “Johnny Cope's plaster.”

Handel.—Handel being questioned as to his ideas and feelings when composing the Hallelujah Chorus, replied in his imperfect English, “I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself;” and, indeed, we may well suppose that they must have been ideas little less sublime, that furnished sounds so grand in their combinations.

Music.—Dr. Cooke was giving lessons on the violin to a young man of a noble family; the young man was beginning to play; but, in the common impetuosity of a novice, he passed over all the rests, and therefore soon left his master far behind him. “Stop, stop, Sir,” said the Doctor, “just take me with you.” This was a very unpleasant check to one who fancied he was “going on famously;” and it required to be more than once enforced; till at length it was necessary to argue the point, which the Doctor did with his usual candour, representing the necessity of these observances. The pupil, instead of showing any sign of conviction, replied rather coarsely, “Aye, aye, it may be necessary for you who get your living by it, to mind these trifles, but I don't want to be so exact.”

Although we may, perhaps, be induced again to turn to this pleasing volume, yet we shall close it here for the present.

Notes during a Visit to Egypt, Nubia, the Oasis, Mount Sinai, and Jerusalem. By Sir FREDERICK HENNIKER, Bart. 8vo. pp. 340. London, 1823.

(Continued from p. 19.)

If the press of new publications did not prevent it, we should dwell some time on this amusing volume, which contains a very pleasing account of a variety of interesting subjects; perhaps the author carries his levity too far, and his jokes are sometimes out of place: this will be injurious to him in one respect, as it will prevent his work having that character for correctness, to which it appears entitled.

‘The epithet “Grand,” was applied to Cairo on account of its extent and magnificence, because that in the time of Mohammed it was considered a day's journey to traverse the city—but *now* an hour is sufficient. “Its magnificence excited a smile” in those days, and *now* “two different causes the same effect may give.” The streets if such they can be called, seldom exceed two yards in width, they appear always full of people; but the plague spreads by contact, and if the accounts of its ravages are true, where does this vast and fearless population come from? The Pasha has a carriage, a cardinal's at second-hand, similar to our Lord Mayor's waggon. How fortunate it is that there are not two carriages in Egypt, I know of only one street so wide as Cranbourn Alley. Franc Street has a strong gate fastened every night; it resisted the attempts of the Albanian soldiery in their last insurrection—such gates are frequent throughout the city, so that in the event of a riot the insurgents are easily trapped. Three inns—one has a garden, convenient in the plague season. The citadel is at the extremity of the town, at the foot of the Mokattam mountains—is commanded by a modern fortress—and that again by a neighbouring height—on

dit that the French besieging it, planted their cannon on the nearest mosque—the Mussulmen would not fire at their place of worship—they make a virtue of surrendering.

‘The palace—a small court-yard—a room encrusted with marble is fitted up as a bath; a fountain of cold water plays constantly in the centre—a cascade of warm falls over rocks and shells into a reservoir. The bath is the luxury of the East, and more necessary there than carriages and plate with us. The principal room is of fair proportions, but not remarkable for any thing else, except an old English kitchen clock—the furniture is limited to a carpet and settee; the carpet does not cover the whole floor. A space is left as a shoe-hole, for all shoes must be taken off at entering—the Turk sits upon his carpet. Pictures are not allowed by the Mohammedan law—at least nothing so idolatrous as the likeness of any thing that breathes in the heaven above, nor on the earth, nor in the water—in lieu of pictures, texts from the Koran are framed and glazed; they are considered to increase in beauty according to the quantity of flourishes and illuminations that adorn them, which, like the illustrations of learned commentators, puzzle the reader—considering how many enigmatical flourishes are interspersed among the letters before us, and how few people are able to read even plain text, these must be really beautiful—an Arabic scholar with me decyphered one only—to complete the appearance of unfurnished lodgings, pen and ink are wanting—this is the more extraordinary, as the viceroy has lately learnt to sign his name, Mohammed Aly.—The Levantine that can write, seldom fails to shew his learning—in general he exhibits a pen and ink in his bosom, like a tax gatherer, and seems as proud of the “order of the ink-stand,” as a member of the “Legion d'honneur,” is of an inch of riband, or a youth is of a medal that he earned in fighting against—his will. One of the charges against the masters of the mint, who were lately hung at Constantinople, was the expensiveness of their ink-stands: ornamented with brilliants—learning and pride—but the accomplishment of being able to write does not obtain among Turks, in their days of ignorance, ‘the benefit of the clergy.’

Joseph's palace—*alias* hali—*alias* divan *alias* granary, a ruined saloon, containing thirty-two well proportioned columns of red granite, four feet diameter—the view hence commands the town, cemeteries, river, and pyramids.

Our author of course visited the Pyramids, though he refers us to Denon for an account of them, with the exception of the following account of the large Pyramid of Ghizeh:

‘The first gallery inclines inwards; the second gallery slopes upwards; the angle is filled by a block of granite which the architect had hoped would close the passage for ever: this block has hitherto remained immovable and impervious—not impass-

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able. I have ventured to remind the reader of this, because there is *between* this barrier and the chambers of the dead, a small shaft which has obtained the name of "the well," a recent traveller assures us that having dropped a stone he heard it fall into water! Truth, however, does not lie at the bottom of *that* well. The passage descends into the live rock, and communicates with a spacious half-formed chamber (50 by 30 feet), in the corner of which is a short passage leading toward the sphinx; this is, however, unfinished; but there may be yet another which (though unknown) did conduct to the abodes of the priests: upon this hypothesis the riddle of the well is solved.—It would have been a pity that the treasures in all probability deposited with the royal corpse should have remained useless.—I ascended "the well;" it is as narrow, dirty, and difficult as a chimney; fingers, toes, back, shoulders, and elbows, are absolutely necessary; eyes, mouth, and nose are inconvenient; the death-cold bats were perpetually flying against my candle and my face: these horrid little animals are celebrated by the French savans, and the only recompense for my trouble was to put some of them in my pocket. The stone sarcophagus still remains in the king's chamber; it is by its height and width just admissible into the first gallery (5 feet 6 inches by 4 feet 3 inches); breathe the air of heaven once more; mount the pyramid; resolve to wait here till sunrise; the Arabs bring up our supper and mattresses: this is but a slight proof of the difficulty of ascent, which some are taught to believe is a labour almost equal to the raising the pile; very anxious for morning; too cold to close my eyes. I had fully intended to have dreamt of Jacob's dream; six o'clock. A. M. thermometer 49°; last evening at sun-set 62°; a difference of thirteen degrees, and a night's continuation of that deficiency is sensibly felt by one whose blood has been parboiled during the day. I had at first been surprised that the birds of Egypt are thickly feathered;—the top of this pyramid presents an area 11 yards square, drawing a line 33 feet; and allowing about two feet either way for the decreasing step, we may conjecture that about eight or nine layers of stone have been thrown down, the stone whose turn is next is from four to five feet square, these steps are 202 in number, and in height vary from 1 to 4 feet 8 inches. Gemelli (giro del mondo) 127 years past, gives the number of steps 208, height 520, surface of top 16 feet 8 inches square. To ascend occupied us twenty minutes, to descend fifteen. The quantity of stone used in this pyramid is estimated at "six millions of tons, which is just three times that of the vast breakwater thrown across Plymouth Sound," the same material, which has now failed to preserve even a pinch of the founder's dust, if properly employed, might have saved the realm; a hundred thousand men were employed twenty years in raising this fabric, and the king prostituted his daughter to defray the expense. Such were the means of erecting a building, whose magnitude defeated its own end.

We really wonder that Sir Frederick did not call this a Sporting Tour, for it is almost as much so as that of Col. Thornton through France or Scotland; partridges, ducks, pigeons, hawks, and swallows are intermingled with the Pyramids, Pompey's Pillar, the Cataracts, and Cleopatra's Needle. Sir Frederick gives a singular account of his visit to his banker at Lakraat.

Called on *the* banker—this metropolitan bank is in some danger: there being as many as three or four applicants for money, and I want no less than the enormous sum of 100/. I took my place cross-legged on the mat: the room would just do for a hen-house, mud white-washed, with one small window; in a corner sat "the Firm," with his desk and portable treasury before him—his attendants were armed—coffee was brought, and a slave, who was smoking, as I conceived for his own amusement, was troubling himself to light a pipe for me; I took the liberty of wiping the mouth-piece, which I was afterwards given to understand, is to doubt the *cleanliness* of master or man, and it is therefore an insult—not to let him spit in your face—I sat here about an hour and a half in limbo; during this, several Turks came in—took their places—drank their coffee—smoked their pipes—remained half an hour—said nothing, and walked away—whether these were visits of ceremony, pleasure, or business, I cannot decide—not a word was spoken—but what has a Turk to say—he has no books, nor newspapers, nor curiosity, nor activity—he has no pleasure but his pipe—"fumus et umbra"—That a man should travel for knowledge, or dance for amusement, excites the astonishment of the most enlightened of them. "What, come so far to see buildings that are destroyed, and not be paid money for your trouble!" "What, dance yourself, when you can hire others to dance for you for five shillings!" yet with all their idleness and want of thought, I never heard a Mohammedan whistle—whistling would be more tolerable than smoking; they *seem* happy, and "if in ignorance there's bliss," they ought to be really so—O that Eve had been a Mohammedan! My hundred pounds were to be paid in piastres, half piastres, and paras, pieces the value of six-pence, three-pence, and half farthings, the latter about the size of spangles, these were counted over three times, nor did any attention to the visitors occasion the loss of half a farthing to the bank of Siout—it was but on one occasion that the object of the Firm was at all diverted—he took a pipe from his servant's mouth, put it into his own, and then into his friend's, taking that of the latter in exchange—this is the acme of civility in a Turkish gentleman—none but the ill-bred would feel any delicacy—at length the money was thrice counted, put into a carpet bag, my dragoman refused to be purse-bearer, and a donkey was hired to carry it to the boat—such money, and such trouble attending it, ought to be enumerated among the plagues of Egypt—

the piastres are copper slightly white-washed, the mask soon wears off, and like the "testers" of Henry VIII. they blush at their own corruption.

Of the Memnons, Sir Frederick says—

'The second temple is the Memnonium, so it is called improperly—the propylon is a mountain of laboured stone: and as at the gateways at Dendera, so here on the right-hand at entering there are no human figures.—On the N. front, the king, giving orders to his captain going forth to battle, is majestically represented: the passage of this gateway is 39 feet in height. Magnificent as it appears, it is not sufficient to prepare us for a statue to which it leads—this colossus is unfortunately broken in pieces, but every fragment of it still excites admiration, the head and shoulders 20 feet long, and the breadth of the chest is twenty-two feet; not without difficulty some of us Lilliputians managed to climb upon the face of this Gulliver—the *little* toe of whose foot is three feet long.—Near this is the remnant of another grenadier; it was found impossible to transport the whole body to England; the head was so good that it was taken off and sent in triumph to the British Museum, where it is named Memnon junior.'

Ysambal, or Ebsambal, is thus described:—

'Ebsambal is the ne-plus-ultra of Egyptian labour, and is in itself an ample recompense for my journey. There is no temple of either Thebes, Dendera, or Philæ, that can be put in competition with it: the first objects of admiration are six gigantic statues sculptured in relief on the mountain rock; they are standing upright, with their arms hanging stiffly by their side; beneath each hand is also an upright figure; and these figures that appear like children in the hands of giants are seven feet high: picture to yourself then the six larger statues of such a size that a man who exhibits himself at three-ha'pence per foot would scarcely arrive above the knee. The statues of the neighbouring temple are much larger, and are on a scale of nearly seventy feet, or equal to nine copies of the Irish Giant placed in a perpendicular line. Unfortunately, the mountain is not of sufficient height to render these colossi erect: they are therefore represented sitting; and there are still more serious defects attending them—one is entirely destroyed, and two, in consequence of the accumulation of sand, are buried up to their necks; still a sufficiency is seen to convey an idea of their magnitude. The sand has covered up the door-way; and the natives inform me that it will be a labour of thirty men, and twelve days, to effect an entrance. To prove that they are not to be believed, I forced in a pole, round this I wound a sheet, and having spread another upon the surface of the sand, to prevent it from flowing down upon us, we succeeded, after seven hours' exertion, in constructing a kind of wind-sail, or chimney: by means of this I entered, and immediately beheld eight majestic statues,

whose size, when compared with that of men, and still more magnified by the dimness that surrounds them, calls upon me to corroborate the reports in favour of this temple above all others. These Atlases support the roof, and, ranged four on either side, they form a guard of honour for you to pass. I very soon found it necessary to reduce my habiliments to a pocket handkerchief, for the heat equals at least that of a Turkish vapour bath, or the solfa terra at Puzzuoli—my clothes are dripping wet, and my body is flowing away like Proteus. Among the hieroglyphics I found several of interest; for though the softness of the material will not allow that firm fine line which is observable on granite, it admits of a greater freedom of execution: even the designs vary in some respects from the sameness that pervades the works in Egypt. Here is a hero in his chariot with his bow drawn, the hawk of Osiris hovering over him like an eagle over a Roman victor. Chariots are clashing against chariots, and horses are represented falling, but falling as if from heaven, perpendicularly, like Phaëton's—here is a warrior lancing another in single combat, and this is the only instance in which I have ever observed that the victor has had an adversary that he ought not to be ashamed of. The statues like those of Osiris at the Memnonium, have their arms crossed upon their breast, holding in one hand a tau, and in the other a flagellum. Some of the designs are similar to those in the tombs of the kings, and in other places; such as the deity welcoming the hero, and the victor slaying a bundle of his enemies, raising a falchion in one hand, and with the other holding the hair of their heads; but in this instance he adds his bow at the same time. Among the sacrifices is that of sheep to Osiris Bull. In the last chamber are four statued figures, in front of whom is an altar, on which is engraven a small tablet of hieroglyphics. I had amused myself here for four hours when I began to think of making my escape, which is not so easy as entering. I had to work against the stream, and I found that the difficulty increased in proportion to my exertions; for wherever I forced my knee, it undermined the sand, which straightforth poured down as subtle as quicksilver. My dragoman (Mohammed) who had been in this temple with Mr. Banks, declined entering with me, thinking it more for my safety that he should remain on the outside to prevent any one from running up and giving motion to the sand: he now came forward, and with great exertion managed to draw me through. Here I found a Russian colonel very impatient and very angry at having been stopped. He went to the entrance, and returned immediately fully satisfied—the aperture was not large enough for him. My Maltese servant and two others went in, and there was really no danger, for had the sand descended, the windsail would have supplied them with air, and they would have been dug out in a fortnight. I shall hence turn my boat northward, as I am engaged to meet you

on the Troad, and am well contented to finish my journey in this part, with having seen the noblest monument of antiquity that is to be found on the banks of the Nile.

Finding we must defer the conclusion of our notice of this work until next week, we shall stop here for the present.

(To be continued.)

Mémorial de Sainte Hélène.—Journal of the Private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena.
By the COUNT DE LAS CASES.

(Continued from p. 25.)

If Bonaparte had left no other monument of his talents, the Code Napoleon would have been sufficient to immortalize him. It is known that, while this system of jurisprudence was in hand, he laboured for whole nights in his cabinet, and astonished his council by his acuteness and by his judicial knowledge. Napoleon, speaking of this work, says,—

“My Code alone, from its simplicity, has been more beneficial to France than the whole mass of laws which preceded it. My schools and my system of mutual instruction are preparing generations yet unknown. Thus, during my reign, crimes were rapidly diminishing; while, on the contrary, with our neighbours in England, they have been increasing to a frightful degree. This alone is sufficient to enable any one to form a decisive judgment of the respective governments!”

“Look at the United States, where, without any apparent force or effort, every thing goes on prosperously; every one is happy and contented: and this is because the public wishes and interests are in fact

* This fact is corroborated by authentic documents, which exhibit proofs more positive than might be expected. (See *Situation de l'Angleterre; par M. de Montvéran.*)

FRANCE.			ENGLAND.		
Inhab.	Condemned to death.	Years.	Inhab.	Condemned to death.	Years.
31,000,000	882	{ 1801 }	16,000,000	3,400	
42,000,000	392	{ 1811 }	17,000,000	6,400	

It is obvious from this statement, that in the year 1801, in France, twenty-six out of a million of inhabitants were condemned to death; and that in 1811, ten years after, the number of condemned had diminished two-thirds, leaving the proportion of only nine to a million.

In England, on the contrary, where, in 1801, the number of criminals condemned to death was 212 out of a million of inhabitants, the amount increased by more than one half; there being in 1811, 376 out of a million.

It is worthy of observation, that the condemnations in England, compared with those in France, were as 376 to 9, or as 42 to 1.

The report of the state of mendicity in France compared with that of the parish poor in England, also presents a prodigious difference: the French list in 1812 exhibiting only 30,000 individuals out of 43 millions of inhabitants; while in England, in the same year, a fourth of the population, or 4,250,000 poor, were thrown upon the parishes.—(Montvéran.)

the ruling power. Place the same government at variance with the will and interests of its inhabitants, and you would soon see what disturbance, trouble, and confusion, and above all, what an increase of crimes would ensue.

“When I acquired the supreme direction of affairs, it was wished that I might become a Washington. Words cost nothing; and no doubt those who were so ready to express the wish, did so without any knowledge of times, places, persons, or things. Had I been in America, I would willingly have been a Washington, and I should have had little merit in so being; for I do not see how I could reasonably have acted otherwise. But had Washington been in France, exposed to discord within, and invasion from without, I would have defied him to have been what he was in America; at least, he would have been a fool to attempt it, and would only have prolonged the existence of evil. For my own part, I could only have been a crowned Washington. It was only in a congress of kings, in the midst of kings yielding or subdued, that I could become so. Then and there alone, I could successfully display Washington's moderation, disinterestedness, and wisdom. I could not reasonably attain to this but by means of the *universal Dictatorship*. To this I aspired; can that be thought a crime? Can it be believed, that to resign this authority would have been beyond the power of human nature? Sylla, glutted with crimes, dared to abdicate, pursued by public execration! What motive could have checked me, who would have been followed only by blessings? But it remained for me to conquer at Moscow!—How many will hereafter regret my disasters and my fall!—But to require prematurely of me that sacrifice, for which the time had not arrived, was a vulgar absurdity; and for me to have proclaimed or promised it, would have been taken for hypocrisy and quackery: that was not my way.—I repeat, it remained for me to conquer at Moscow!”

A singular incident, very well described, occurred after one of his great actions in Italy, when Napoleon was passing over the field of battle, before the dead bodies had been interred:—

“In the deep silence of a beautiful moon-light night,” said the Emperor, “a dog, leaping suddenly from beneath the clothes of his dead master, rushed upon us, and then immediately returned to his hiding place, howling piteously. He alternately licked his master's hand, and ran towards us; thus, at once soliciting aid and seeking revenge. Whether owing to my own particular turn of mind at the moment,” continued the Emperor, “the time, the place, or the action itself, I know not; but, certainly, no incident on any field of battle ever produced so deep an impression on me. I involuntarily stopped to contemplate the scene. This man, thought I, perhaps, has friends in the camp or in his company; and here he lies forsaken by all except his dog! What a lesson Nature here presents through

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the medium of an animal! What a strange being is man! and how mysterious are his impressions! I had, without emotion, ordered battles which were to decide the fate of the army; I had beheld, with tearless eyes, the execution of those operations, by which numbers of my countrymen were sacrificed; and here my feelings were roused by the mournful howling of a dog! Certainly at that moment I should have been easily moved by a suppliant enemy: I could very well imagine Achilles surrendering up the body of Hector at the sight of Priam's tears."

Speaking of Ney, whose situation Napoleon compared to that of Turenne, Las Casas says,—

"It is certain that when Ney quitted Paris, he was wholly devoted to the king; and that he did not turn until he saw that all was lost. If he then proved himself enthusiastic in the opposite course, it was because he felt he had much to atone for. After his famous order of the day, he wrote to inform Napoleon that what he had done was principally with a view to the welfare of the country; and that as he could not henceforth be agreeable to the emperor, he begged that he would grant him permission to retire. The Emperor desired him to come, and said he would receive him as he did on the day after the battle of Moscow. Ney presented himself to Napoleon, and said, that after what had occurred, he must, of necessity, entertain doubts of his attachment and fidelity; and that, therefore, he solicited no other rank than that of a grenadier in the imperial guard. The emperor replied by stretching forth his hand to him, and calling him the bravest of the brave, as he was accustomed to do."

Of the domestic character of Napoleon, Las Casas says,—

"I can now very well comprehend that which struck us so forcibly, and which particularly characterized him in the days of his power; namely,—that no individual ever permanently incurred the displeasure of Napoleon: however marked might be his disgrace, however deep the gulf into which he was plunged, he might still confidently hope to be restored to favour. Those who had once enjoyed intimacy, whatever cause of offence they might give him, never totally forfeited his regard. The Emperor is eminently gifted with two excellent qualities;—a vast fund of justice, and a disposition naturally open to attachment. Amidst all his fits of petulance or anger, a sentiment of justice still predominates. He is sure to turn an attentive ear to good arguments, and, if left to himself, candidly brings them forward whenever they occur to his mind. He never forgets services performed to him, nor habits he has contracted. Sooner or later he invariably casts a thought on those who may have incurred his displeasure; he reflects on what they have suffered, and regards their punishment as sufficient. He recalls them, when they are perhaps forgotten by the world; and they gain enjoy his good graces, to the astonish-

ment of themselves as well as of others. Of this there have been many instances. The Emperor is sincere in his attachments, without making a show of what he feels. When once he becomes used to a person, he cannot easily bear separation. He observes and condemns his faults, blames his own choice, expressing his displeasure in the most unreserved way; but still there is nothing to fear: these are but so many new ties of regard."

The Count vindicates Napoleon from the charge of treating the Queen of Prussia with brutality; he also observes, that the Emperor, in his conversations, remarked, that modern generals incurred greater danger than ancient ones, since there was no situation a commander could take that artillery would not reach. We confess we have great doubts on this subject, and think that the invention of fire-arms has diminished the chances of destruction very considerably. Of Napoleon's own risks, our author gives some account:—

"While he was dressing, he put his hand on his left thigh, where there was a deep scar. He called my attention to it by laying his finger in it; and, finding that I did not understand what it was, he told me that it was the mark of a bayonet-wound, by which he had nearly lost his limb, at the siege of Toulon. Marchand, who was dressing him, here took the liberty of remarking, that the circumstance was well known on board the Northumberland; that one of the crew had told him, on going on board, that it was an Englishman who first wounded our Emperor."

"The Emperor, on this, observed, that people had in general wondered and talked a great deal of the singular good fortune which had preserved him, as it were, invulnerable in so many battles. "They were mistaken," added he; "the only reason was, that I made a secret of all my dangers." He then related that he had had three horses killed under him at the siege of Toulon; that he had had several killed and wounded in his campaigns of Italy; and three or four at the siege of Saint-Jean d'Acre. He added, that he had been wounded several times; that at the battle of Ratisbonne, a ball had struck his heel; and at the battle of Essling or Wagram, I cannot say which, a ball had torn his boot and stocking, and grazed the skin of his left leg. In 1814, he lost a horse and his hat at Arcis-sur-Aube, or its neighbourhood. After the battle of Brienne, as he was returning to head-quarters in the evening, in a melancholy and pensive mood, he was suddenly attacked by some Cossacks, who had passed over the rear of the army. He thrust one of them away, and was obliged to draw his sword in his own defence; several of the Cossacks were killed at his side. "But what renders this circumstance very extraordinary," said he, "is, that it took place near a tree which at that moment caught my eye, and which I recognized as the very one under which,

when I was but twelve years old, I used to sit during play-hours and read *Jerusalem Delivered*."...Doubtless on that spot Napoleon had been first fired by emotions of glory!"

"The night before the battle of Jena, the Emperor said, he had run the greatest risk. He might then have disappeared without his fate being clearly known. He had approached the bivouacs of the enemy, in the dark, to reconnoitre them; he had only a few officers with him. The opinion which was then entertained of the Prussian army kept every one on the alert: it was thought that the Prussians were particularly given to nocturnal attacks. As the emperor returned, he was fired at by the first sentinel of his camp; this was a signal for the whole line; he had no resource but to throw himself flat on his face until the mistake was discovered. But his principal apprehension was that the Prussian line, which was very near him, would act in the same manner."

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Entail, or the Lairds of Grippy.

By the Author of the 'Annals of the Parish,' 'Sir Andrew Wylie,' &c.
3 vols. 12mo.

(Concluded from p. 23.)

WE left old Claude overwhelmed with remorse for the act of disinheritorship which had broken the heart of his son Charles, and anxious to do any thing which would restore their rights to the two babies, that his idolatry had made fatherless. While the honest lawyer, Mr. Keelevin, is preparing the necessary deed for this purpose, Claud walked into Glasgow to see the two children, who resided with their grandmother, Liddy Plealands. The account of their interview is most affectingly told:—

"Although they (the children) knew him perfectly, yet the cold and distant intercourse which arose from his estrangement towards their father, had prevented them from being on those terms of familiarity which commonly subsist between children and their grandfathers; and when they saw him enter the room, they immediately left their toys on the floor, and, retiring to a corner, stood looking at him timidly, with their hands behind."

"The old man, without seeming to notice their innocent reverence, walked to a chair near the window and sat down. His demeanour was as calm, and his features as sedate, as usual, but his eyes glittered with a slight sprinkling of tears, and twice or thrice he pressed his elbows into his sides, as if to restrain some inordinate agitation of the heart. In the course of a few minutes he became quite master of himself, and, looking for a short time compassionately at the children, he invited them to come to him. Mary, the girl, who was the youngest, obeyed at once the summons; but James, the boy, still kept back."

"What for wilt t'ou no come to me?" said Claud.

"I'll come, if ye'll no hurt me," replied the child. "Hurt thee! what for, poor thing, should I hurt thee?" inquired his grandfather, somewhat disturbed by the proposed condition.

"I dinna ken," said the boy, still retreating,—"but I am feart, for ye hurt papa for naething, and mamma used to greet for't."

Claud shuddered, and in the spasmodic effort which he made to suppress his emotion, he unconsciously squeezed the little hand of the girl so hardly, as he held her between his knees, that she shrieked with the pain, and flew towards her brother, who, equally terrified, ran to shelter himself behind a chair.

For some time the old man was so much affected, that he felt himself incapable of speaking to them. But he said to himself,—

"It is fit that I should endure this. I sowed tares, and mauna expek wheat."

The children, not finding themselves angrily pursued, began to recover courage, and again to look at him.

"I did na mean to hurt thee, Mary," said he, after a short interval. "Come, and we'll mak it up;" and, turning to the boy, he added, "I'm very wae that e'er I did ony wrang to your father, my bonny laddie, but I'll do sae nae mair."

"That's cause ye canna help it," replied James boldly, "for he's dead—he's in a soun' soun' sleep—nobody but an angel wi' the last trumpet at his vera lug is able to waken him—and Mary and me, and mamma—we're a' gaun to lie down and die too, for there's nobody now in the world that cares for us."

"I care for you, my lambie, and I'll be kind to you; I'll be as kind as your father."

It would appear that these words had been spoken affectionately, for the little girl, forgetful of her hurt, returned, and placed herself between his knees; but her brother still stood aloof.

"But will ye be kind to mamma?" said the boy, with an eager and suspicious look.

"That I will," was the answer. "She'll ne'er again hae to blame me—nor hae reason to be sorrowful on my account."

"But were nae ye ance papa's papa?" rejoined the child, still more suspiciously.

The old man felt the full force of all that was meant by these simple expressions, and he drew his hand hastily over his eyes to wipe away the rising tears.

"And will ye never trust me?" said he sorrowfully to the child, who, melted by the tone in which it was uttered, advanced two or three steps towards him.

"Ay, if ye'll say as sure's death that ye'll no hurt me."

"Then I do say as sure's death," exclaimed Claud fervently, and held out his hand, which the child, running forward, caught in his, and was in the same moment folded to his grandfather's bosom.

Leddy Plealands had, in the meantime, been told who was her visitor, and being

anxious, for many reasons, to see him at this crisis, opened the door. Feeble, pale, and delicate, the venerable gentlewoman was startled at seeing a sight she so little expected, and stood several minutes with the door in her hand before she entered.

"Come in," said Claud to her—"come in—I hae something to say to you anent thir bairns—Something maun be done for them and their mother; and I would fain tak counsel wi' you concerning 't. Bell Fatherlans is o' oure frush a heart to thole wi' the dinging and fyke o' our house, or I would tak them a' hame to Grippy; but ye maun devise some method wi' her to mak their loss as light in worldly circumstances as my means will alloo; and whatsoever you and her 'gree upon Mr. Keelevin will see executed baith by deed and paction."

"Is't possible that ye're sincere, Mr. Walkinshaw?" replied the old lady.

Claud made no answer, but, disconsolately, shook his head.

"This is a mercy past hope, if ye're really sincere."

"I am sincere," said the stern old man, severely; "and I speak wi' humiliation and contrition. I hae borne the rebuke of thir babies, and their suspicion has spoken sermons of reproaches to my cowed spirit and broken heart."

"What have ye done?" inquired the Lady, surprised at his vehemence—"what have ye done to make ye speak in such a way, Mr. Walkinshaw?"

"In an evil hour I was beguiled by the Moloch o' pride and ambition to disinherit their father, and settle a' my property on Watty, because he had the Plealands. But from that hour, I hae never kent what comfort is, or amaisht what it is to hope for heavenly mercy. But I hae lived to see my sin, and I yearn to mak atonement. When that's done, I trust that I may be permitted to lay down my head, and close my een in peace."

Mrs. Hypel did not well know what answer to make, the disclosure seemed to her so extraordinary, that she looked at Claud as if she distrusted what she heard, or was disposed to question the soundness of his mind.

"I see," he added, "that, like the orphans, ye dinna believe me; but, like them, Mrs. Hypel, ye'll may be in time be wrought to hae compassion on a humbled and contrite heart. A', therefore, that I can say for the present is, consult wi' Bell, and confer wi' Mr. Keelevin; he has full power frae me to do whatsoever he may think just and right; and what ye do, do quickly, for a heavy hand is on my shoulther; and there's one before me in the shape o' my braw Charlie, that waves his hand, and beckons me to follow him."

The profound despondency with which this was uttered overwhelmed the feelings of the old lady; even the children were affected, and, disengaging themselves from his arms, retired together, and looked at him with wonder and awe.

"Will ye go and see their mother?"—said the lady, as he rose and was moving towards the door. He halted, and for a few

seconds appeared to reflect; but suddenly looking round, he replied, with a deep and troubled voice,—

"No. I hae been enabled to do mair than I ever thought it was in my power to do; but I canna yet,—no, not this day,—I canna yet venture there.—I will, however, by and by. It's a penance I maun dree, and I will go through it a'."

And with these words he quitted the house, leaving the old gentlewoman and the children equally amazed, and incapable of comprehending the depth and mystery of a grief which, mournful as the immediate cause certainly was, undoubtedly partook in some degree of religious despair.

Before Mr. Keelevin could get the deed of restitution prepared, Claud is struck with a paralysis; messengers are dispatched to Glasgow to hasten his attendance; but even the ends of justice death will not wait. Mr. Keelevin arrives only in time to be a principal actor in the following melancholy scene:

At last, Mr. Keelevin arrived on horseback, and came into the room, dressed in his trotcosey; the hood of which, over his cocked hat, was drawn so closely on his face, that but the tip of his sharp aquiline nose was visible. But, forgetful or regardless of his appearance, he stalked with long strides at once to the chair where Claud was sitting; and taking from under the skirt of the trotcosey a bond of provision for the widow and children of Charles, and for Mrs. Milrookit, he knelt down, and began to read it aloud.

"Sir," said the doctor, who was standing at the other side of the patient, "Mr. Walkinshaw is in no condition to understand you."

Still, however, Mr. Keelevin read on; and when he had finished, he called for pen and ink.

"It is impossible that he can write," said the doctor.

"Ye hae no business to mak ony sic observation," exclaimed the benevolent lawyer. "Ye shou'd say nothing till we try. In the name of justice and mercy, is there nobody in this house that will fetch me pen and ink?"

It was evident to all present that Claud perfectly understood what his friend said; and his eyes betokened eagerness and satisfaction; but the expression with which his features accompanied the assent in his look was horrible and appalling.

At this juncture Leddy Grippy came rushing, half dressed, into the room, her dishevelled grey hair flying loosely over her shoulders, exclaiming,—

"What's wrang noo?—what new judgment has befallen us?—Whatna fearful image is that like a corpse out o' a tomb, that's making a' this rippet for the cheairie instruments o' pen and ink, when a dying man is at his last gasp?"

"Mrs. Walkinshaw, for Heaven's sake be quiet;—your gudeman," replied Mr. Keelevin, opening the hood of his trotcosey, and throwing it back; taking off, at the

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same time, his cocked hat—"Your gudeman kens very weel what I hae read to him. It's a provision for Mrs. Charles and her orphans."

"But is there no likewise a provision in't for me?" cried the leddy.

"O, Mrs. Walkinshaw, we'll speak o' that hereafter; but let us get this executed aff hand," replied Mr. Keelevin. "Ye see your gudeman kens what we're saying, and looks wistfully to get it done. I say, in the name of God, get me pen and ink."

"Ye's get neither pen nor ink here, Mr. Keelevin, till my rights are cognost in a record o' scederunt and sesion."

"Hush!" exclaimed the doctor—all was silent, and every eye turned on the patient, whose countenance was again hideously convulsed;—a troubled groan struggled and heaved for a moment in his breast, and was followed by a short quivering through his whole frame.

"It is all over!" said the doctor. At these words, the leddy rushed towards the elbow chair, and, with frantic cries and gestures, flew on the body, and acted an extravagance of sorrow ten times more outrageous than grief. Mr. Keelevin stood motionless, holding the paper in his hand; and, after contemplating the spectacle before him for about two or three minutes, shook his head disconsolately, and replacing his cocked hat, drew the hood of the trotcosey again over his face, and left the house.

The deed of disinheritorship takes now, of course, effect. The idiot, Walter, becomes Laird of Grippy; but losing, shortly after, his infant daughter, for whom he had shewn an excessive fondness, he adopts his neice Mary, the daughter of Charles in its place, and invites the mother and brother also to make the House of Grippy their home. As the course which Walter's affections now takes, seems likely to throw the management of his affairs into the hands of the widow Mrs. Charles Walkinshaw and her family, it is a source of great disquiet to the old Liddy Grippy, who entertains a most dowager-like aversion to yield up an atom of her domestic importance; although, as fool Walter says, 'a' the cast o' her grace and skill gangs nae farther than butter and cheese.' George, the third son, who is next heir of entail to Walter, artfully encourages the apprehensions of his mother, and contrives to get himself driven on by her to make an application to the proper judicatory to have the laird cognosced, (a commission of lunacy issued against him,) in which case the charge of the estate, as the old leddy expects, will devolve upon her, but, as George is well assured, will fall to himself as the nearest male relative. The question of Walter's sanity is submitted to the determination of a jury, the proceedings before which is admirably described; the whole is too

long for quotation, but we should be withholding a large share of pleasure in a little space, from our readers, were we not to extract the examinations of the Dowager Liddy Grippy and Walter himself, which are sketched with far more than ordinary skill and knowledge of human nature. It may be necessary to premise, that Mr. Keelevin has undertaken the defence of Walter:—

"The next witness that I shall produce," resumed Mr. Threeper, "is one whom I call with extreme reluctance. Every man must sympathise with the feelings of a mother on such an occasion as this; and will easily comprehend that, in the questions which my duty obliges me to put to Mrs. Walkinshaw, I am, as it were, obliged, out of that sacred respect which is due to her maternal sensibility, to address myself in more general terms than I should otherwise do."

"The Liddy was then called: and the advocate, with a solemn voice and pauses of lengthened sadness and commiseration, said,—

"Madam, the court and the jury do not expect you to enter into any particular description of the state of your unfortunate son. They only desire to know if you think he is capable of conducting his affairs like other men?"

"Him capable!" exclaimed the leddy. "He's no o' a capacity to be advised."

"She would have proceeded farther, but Mr. Threeper interposed, saying, "Madam, we shall not distress you farther; the court and the jury must be satisfied."

"Not so was Mr. Keelevin, who nodded to Mr. Queerie, the counsel for Walter; and he immediately rose.

"I wish," said he, "just to put one question to the witness. How long is it since your son has been so incapable of acting for himself?"

"I canna gie you day nor date," replied the leddy; "but he has been in a state of condumacity ever since his dochter diet."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Queerie; "then he was not always incapable?"

"O no," cried the leddy; "he was a most tractable creature, and the kindest son," she added, with a sigh; "but since that time he's been neither to bind nor to haud, threatening to send me, his mother, a garsing—garing me lay out my own lawful jointure on the house, and using me in the most horridable manner—wasting his income in the most thoughtless way."

"Mr. Threeper began to whisper to our friend Gabriel, and occasionally to look, with an afflicted glance, towards the leddy.

"Mr. Queerie resumed,—

"Your situation, I perceive, has been for some time very unhappy; but, I suppose, were Mr. Walkinshaw to make you a reasonable compensation for the trouble you take in managing his house, you would have no objection still to continue with him."

"O! to be surely," said the leddy; "only it would need to be something worth while; and my gude-dochter and her fa-

mily would require to be obligated to gang hame."

"Certainly, what you say, madam, is very reasonable," rejoined Mr. Queerie; "and I have no doubt that the court perceives that a great part of your distress, from the idiocy of your son, arises from his having brought in the lady alluded to and her family."

"It has come a' frae that," replied the witness, unconscious of the force of what she was saying; "for, 'cepting his unnaturality to me about them, his idiocy is very harmless."

"Perhaps not worse than formerly?"

"A look from George at this crisis put her on her guard; and she instantly replied, as if eager to redeem the effects of what she had just said,—

"Deed, sir, it's no right to let him continue in the rule and power o' the property; for nobody can tell what he may commit."

Next day, when the court again assembled, Walter was there, seated beside his agent, and dressed in his best. Every eye was directed towards him; and the simple expression of wonder, mingled with anxiety, which the scene around him occasioned, gave an air of so much intelligence to his features, which were regular, and, indeed, handsome, that he excited almost universal sympathy; even Mr. Threeper was perplexed, when he saw him, at the proper time, rise from beside his friend, and, approaching the bottom of the table, make a slow and profound bow, first to the sheriff and then to the jury.

"You are Mr. Walkinshaw, I believe?" said Mr. Threeper.

"I believe I am," replied Walter, timidly.

"What are you, Mr. Walkinshaw?"

"A man, sir.—My mother and brother want to make me a daft ane."

"How do you suspect them of any such intention?"

"Because ye see I'm here—I would na hae been here but for that."

The countenance of honest Keelevin began to brighten, while that of George was clouded and overcast.

"Then you do not think you are a daft man?" said the advocate.

"Nobody thinks himself daft. I dare say ye think ye're just as wise as me."

A roar of laughter shook the court, and Threeper blushed and was disconcerted; but he resumed, tartly,—

"Upon my word, Mr. Walkinshaw, you have a good opinion of yourself. I should like to know for what reason?"

"That's a droll question to speer at a man," replied Walter. "A poll parrot thinks weel o' itsel, which is but a feathered creature, and short o' the capacity of a man by twa hands."

Mr. Keelevin trembled and grew pale; and the advocate, recovering full possession of his assurance, proceeded,—

"And so ye think, Mr. Walkinshaw, that the two hands make all the difference between a man and a parrot?"

"No, no, sir," replied Walter, "I dinna that,—for ye ken the beast has feathers."

"And why have not men feathers?"

"That's no a right question, sir, to put to the like o' me, a weak human creature;—ye should ask their Maker," said Walter, gravely.

The advocate was again repulsed; Pitwin-

noch sat doubting the intelligence of his ears, and George shivering from head to foot: a buzz of satisfaction pervaded the whole court.

"Well, but not to meddle with such mysteries," said Mr. Threpper, assuming a jocular tone, "I suppose you think yourself a very clever fellow?"

"At some things," replied Walter modestly; "but I dinna like to make a roos o' myself."

"And pray now, Mr. Walkinshaw, may I ask what do you think you do best?"

"Man! and ye could see how I can sup curds and ream—there's no ane in a' the house can ding me."

The sincerity and exultation with which this was expressed, convulsed the court, and threw the advocate completely on his beam-ends. However, he soon righted, and proceeded,—

"I don't doubt your ability in that way, Mr. Walkinshaw; and I dare say you can play a capital knife and fork."

"I'm better at the spoon," replied Walter laughing.

"Well, I must confess you are a devilish clever fellow."

"Mair sae, I'm thinking, than ye thought, sir.—But noo, since," continued Walter, "ye hae speer't so many questions at me, will ye answer one yourselt?"

"O, I can have no possible objection to do that, Mr. Walkinshaw."

"Then," said Walter, "how muckle are ye to get frae my brother for this job?"

Again the court was convulsed, and the questioner again disconcerted.

"I suspect, brother Threpper," said the sheriff, "that you are in the wrong box."

"I suspect so, too," replied the advocate laughing; but, addressing himself again to Walter, he said,—

"You have been married, Mr. Walkinshaw?"

"Aye, auld Doctor Denholm married me to Betty Bodle."

"And pray where is she?"

"Her mortal remains, as the headstone says, lie in the kirkyard."

The countenance of Mr. Keelevin became pale and anxious—George and Pitwinnoch exchanged smiles of gratulation.

"You had a daughter?" said the advocate, looking knowingly to the jury, who sat listening with greedy ears.

"I had," said Walter, and glanced anxiously towards his trembling agent.

"And what became of your daughter?"

No answer was immediately given—Walter hung his head and seemed troubled; he sighed deeply, and again turned his eye inquiringly to Mr. Keelevin. Almost every one present sympathised with his emotion, and ascribed it to parental sorrow.

"I say," resumed the advocate, "what became of your daughter?"

"I canna answer that question."

The simple accent in which this was uttered interested all in his favour still more and more.

"Is she dead?" said the pertinacious Mr. Threpper.

"Folk said sae; and what every body says maun be true."

"Then you don't, of your own knowledge, know the fact?"

"Before I can answer that, I would like to ken what a fact is?"

The counsel shifted his ground, without noticing the question! and said,—

"But I understand, Mr. Walkinshaw, you have still a child that you call your Betty Bodle?"

"And what business hae ye wi' that?" said the natural, offended. "I never saw sic a stock o' impudence as ye hae in my life."

"I did not mean to offend you, Mr. Walkinshaw; I was only anxious, for the ends of justice, to know if you consider the child you call Betty Bodle as your daughter?"

"I'm sure," replied Walter, "that the ends o' justice would be meikle better served an ye would hae done wi' your speering."

"It is, I must confess, strange that I cannot get a direct answer from you, Mr. Walkinshaw. Surely, as a parent, you should know your child!" exclaimed the advocate, peevishly.

"An I was a mother ye might say sae."

Mr. Threpper began to feel, that, hitherto, he had made no impression; and, forming an opinion of Walter's shrewdness far beyond what he was led to expect, he stooped, and conferred a short time with Mr. Pitwinnoch. On resuming his wonted posture, he said,—

"I do not wish, Mr. Walkinshaw, to harass your feelings; but I am not satisfied with the answer you have given respecting your child; and I beg you will be a little more explicit. Is the little girl that lives with you your daughter?"

"I dinna like to gie you any satisfaction on that head; for Mr. Keelevin said, ye would bother me if I did."

"Ah!" exclaimed the triumphant advocate, "have I caught you at last?"

A murmur of disappointment ran through all the court; and Walter looked around cowering and afraid.

"So, Mr. Keelevin has primed you, has he? He has instructed you what to say?"

"No," said the poor natural; "he instructed me to say nothing."

"Then, why did he tell you that I would bother you?"

"I dinna ken, speer at himsel; there he sits."

"No, sir! I ask you," said the advocate, grandly.

"I'm wearied, Mr. Keelevin," said Walter, helplessly, as he looked towards his disconsolate agent. "May I no come away?"

The honest lawyer gave a deep sigh: to which all the spectators sympathisingly responded.

"Mr. Walkinshaw," said the sheriff, "don't be alarmed—we are all friendly disposed towards you; but it is necessary, for the satisfaction of the jury, that you should tell us what you think respecting the child that lives with you."

Walter smiled and said, "I hae nae objection to converse wi' a weel-bred gentleman like you; but that barking terrier in the wig, I can thole him no longer."

"Well, then," resumed the judge, "is the little girl your daughter?"

"Deed is she—my ain dochter."

"How can that be, when, as you acknowledged, every body said your dochter was dead?"

"But I kent better mysel—my bairn and dochter, ye see, sir, was lang a weakly baby, ay bleating like a lambie that has lost its mother; and she dwint and dwintel, and moant and grew sleepy sleepy, and then she clos'd her wee bonny een, and lay still; and I sat beside her three days and three nights, watching her a' the time, never lifting my een frae her face,

that was as sweet to look on as a gowan in a lown May morning. But I ken na how it came to pass—I thought, as I look't at her, that she was change't, and there began to come a kirkyard smell frae the bed, that was just as if the hand o' nature was wising me to gae away; and then I saw, wi' the eye o' my heart, that my brother's wee Mary was grown my wee Betty Bodle, and so I gaed and brought her hame in my arms, and she is noo my dochter. But my mother has gaen on like a randy at me ever sin syne, and wants me to put away my ain bairn, which I will never, never do—No, Sir, I'll stand by her, and guard her, though fifty mothers, and fifty times fifty brother Geordies, were to flyte at me frae morning to night."

One of the jury here interposed, and asked several questions relative to the management of the estate; by the answers to which it appeared, not only that Walter had never taken any charge whatever, but that he was totally ignorant of business, and even of the most ordinary money transactions.

The jury then turned round and laid their heads together; the legal gentlemen spoke across the table, and Walter was evidently alarmed at the bustle.—In the course of two or three minutes, the foreman returned a verdict of Fatuity.

The poor laird shuddered, and, looking at the sheriff, said, in an accent of simplicity that melted every heart, "Am I found guilty?—O surely, sir, ye'll no hang me, for I cou'dna help it?"

George, as he anticipated, is appointed trustee of the lunatic and his estate, with his wife and an only surviving daughter; he takes up his residence at Grippy, and while the deluded dowager ledly is, to her great mortification, obliged to remove to a flat, up a turnpike stair, at Glasgow, Mrs. Charles and her children, on whom George has condescended to settle a small annuity, return to their maternal grand-mother, Leddy Plealands; but, on her death, shortly after, they take up their abode with the Rev. Mr. Eadie, the minister of a neighbouring parish, who, having no children of his own, undertakes the education of the boy James, while his wife, a Highland lady of the sybiline character, unites with Mrs. Walkinshaw in the rearing of Mary. In process of time, Walter, the idiot, dies, and George becomes, in law as well as fact, the third laird of Grippy. The estate under his management increases rapidly in value, and his mercantile circumstances also improve; but it is his fortune not to be blessed with any addition to his family, and the want of a male heir is a craving void in his bosom that no prosperity can supply. In the event of his dying without a son, the estate must pass to James, the son of his brother Charles; and the only consideration he has to balance this, is a hope that he may, in time, be able to bring to pass a marriage between James and his daughter. The young people, as usual, however, evince a

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great dislike to the good designed for them; the daughter, who is called Robina, takes a liking to a cousin she has by her aunt's side, Mrs. Milrookit, of Dirdumwhamle, the only daughter of old Claud, while James, whom his uncle has taken into his counting house in the hope of calling him one day his son-in-law, falls deeply in love with Ellen Frazer, the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eady.—The old Liddy Grippy revenges herself for the trick George had played upon her, by promoting a clandestine marriage between young Milrookit and the heiress Robina; and when the death of George's wife fills him with the hope of being able to punish all parties for their disobedience by marrying again, and getting male-heirs of his own, he joins a party of pleasure on a sailing excursion round Scotland, and is drowned in sight of his nephew and niece whom chance had drawn to the spot in company with Ellen Frazer. We have been already so liberal in our extracts, that we have scarcely room for the description of this scene of shipwreck, but it exhibits Mr. Galt's powers in a style of writing so different from the general strain of the work, and yet so truly excellent in its way, that we cannot forbear transcribing it. We have seldom read any thing more intensely interesting:—

"The appearance of the sea was awful. It was not because the waves rolled in more tremendous volumes than any of the party had ever before seen, and burst against the iron precipices of Noss-head with the roar and the rage of the Falls of Niagara—the whole expanse of the ocean was enveloped with spindrift, and, as it occasionally opened, a vessel was seen. At first it was thought she was steering for the bay of Wick, but it soon appeared that she drifted at random towards Sinclair's Bay, and could, by nothing less than some miraculous change of the wind, reach the anchorage opposite to Kiess Castle.

"Ellen Frazer was the first who spoke of the sloop's inevitable fate.—"It is dreadful," said she, "for us to stand in safety here, like spectators at a tragedy, and see yon unfortunate bark rushing without hope to destruction. Let us make an attempt to reach the beach—she may be driven on the shore, and we may have it in our power to assist the poor wretches, if any should escape."

"They, accordingly, endeavoured to reach the strand; but before they could wrestle with the wind half-way towards it, they saw that the vessel could not attain Sinclair's Bay, and that her only chance of salvation was in weathering Noss-head, to which she was fast nearing. They, in consequence, changed their course, and went towards the promontory; but, by the time they had gained the height, they saw it was

hopeless to think they could render any assistance, and they halted under the ledge of an overhanging rock, to see if she would be able to weather that dreadful headland.

"The place where they took shelter was to the windward of the spray, which rose like a furious cataract against the promontory; and in pyramids of foam, that were seen many leagues off at sea, deluged the land to a great extent far beyond Castle Girnigo. It happened that Ellen Frazer had a small telescope in her hand, which they had brought with them, and, when they were under cover, she applied it to her eye.

"The sailors," said she, "seem to have abandoned themselves to despair—I see two prostrate on the deck. There is one standing on the shrouds, as if he hopes to be able to leap on the rocks when she strikes. The dog is on the end of the bowsprit—I can look at them no more."

"She then handed the telescope to Mary, and, retiring to a little distance, seated herself on a stone, and, covering her face with her handkerchief, could no longer control her tears. The vessel, in the mean time, was fast drifting towards the rocks, with her broadside to the wave.

"I think," said Mary, "that she must have lost her helm; nobody is near where it should be—They have no hope. One of the men, who had thrown himself on the deck, is risen. He is tying himself to the shrouds. There is a boy at the foot of the mast, sitting cowering on the deck, holding his head between his hands."

"Walkinshaw, without speaking, took the telescope from his sister, who went and sat down in silence beside Ellen. By this time, the vessel had drifted so near, that every thing on her deck was distinct to the naked eye.

"The person on the deck," said Walkinshaw, after looking through the glass about the space of a minute, "is not a sailor—he has long clothes, and has the appearance of a gentleman probably a passenger. That poor little boy! he is evidently covering his ears, as if he could shut out the noise of the roaring death that awaits him. What a brave and noble fellow that is on the shrouds,—if coolness and courage can save, he is safe."

"At this moment, a shriek from Mary roused Ellen, and they both ran to the spot where Walkinshaw was standing. A tremendous wave had covered the vessel, as it were, with a winding-sheet of foam, and before it cleared away, she was among the breakers that raged against the headland.

"She is gone!" said Walkinshaw, and he took his sister and Ellen by the hands. "Let us leave these horrors." But the ladies trembled so much that they were unable to walk; and Ellen became so faint, that she was obliged to sit down on the ground, while her lover ran with his hat to find, if possible, a little fresh water to revive her. He had not, however, been absent many minutes, when another shriek from his sister called him back, and, on re-

turning, he found that a large dog, dripping wet, and whimpering and moaning, had laid himself at the feet of the ladies with a look of the most piteous and helpless expression. It was the dog they had seen on the bowsprit of the vessel, and they had no doubt her fate was consummated; but three successive enormous billows coming, with all the force of the German Ocean from the Baltic, rolled into the bay. The roar with which they broke as they hurled by the cliff, where the party were standing, drew the attention of Walkinshaw even from Ellen; and, to his surprise, he saw that the waves had, in their sweep, drawn the vessel into the bay, and that she was coming driving along the side of the precipice, and, if not dashed in pieces before, would pass within a few yards of where they stood. Her bowsprit was carried away, which showed how narrowly she had already escaped destruction.

"The ladies, roused again into eager and anxious sympathy by this new incident, approached with Walkinshaw as near as possible to the brink of the cliff—to the very edge of which the raging waters raised their foamy crests as they passed in their might and majesty from the headland into the bay. Another awful wave was soon after seen rising at a distance, and, as it came rolling onward nearer and nearer, it swallowed up every lesser billow. When it approached the vessel, it swept her along so closely to the rocks that Walkinshaw shouted unconsciously, and the dog ran barking to the edge of the precipice,—all on board were for a moment animated with fresh energy,—the little boy stood erect; and the sailor on the shrouds, seeing Walkinshaw and the ladies, cried bravely, as the vessel rose on the swell in passing, "It will not do yet." But the attention of his admiring spectators was suddenly drawn from him to the gentleman. "Good Heavens!" exclaimed Ellen Frazer, "it is your uncle!"

"It was even so. Mr. Walkinshaw, on raising his head to look up, saw and recognized them, and, wildly starting from the deck, shook his uplifted hands with a hideous and terrific frenzy. This scene was, however, but for an instant; the flank of the wave, as it bore the vessel along, broke against a projecting rock, and she was wheeled away by the revulsion to a great distance.

"The sailor in the shrouds still stood firm; a second wave, more appalling than the former, brought the vessel again towards the cliff. The dog, anticipating what would happen, ran towards the spot where she was likely to strike. The surge swung her almost to the top of the precipice,—the sailor leapt from the shrouds, and caught hold of a projecting rock, the dog seized him by the jacket to assist him up, but the ravenous sea was not to lose its prey. In the same moment the wave broke, and the vessel was again tossed away from the rock, and a frightful dash of the breakers tore down the sailor and the faithful dog. Another tremendous revulsion, al-

most in the same moment, terminated the fate of the vessel. As it came roaring along, it caught her by the broadside, and dashed her into ten thousand shivers against an angle of the promontory, scarcely more than two hundred yards from the spot where the horror-struck spectators stood. Had she been made of glass, her destruction and fragments could not have been greater. They floated like chaff on the waters; and, for the space of four or five seconds, the foam amidst which they weltered was coloured in several places with blood.

The estate of Grippy should, by the tenor of the entail, now revert to James, the son of the disinherited Charles, as nearest heir male; but this branch of the family having been always kept in ignorance of any such chance of reversion, and Mr. Keelevin being dead, it is some time before James and his friends are aware of the good fortune which has opened to him. Young Dirdumwhale and his wife Robina enter in the meanwhile into possession; their succession was unquestioned, and they mourned in all the most fashionable pomp of woe, for the loss they had sustained. The discovery of the latent right is at last made, and (chiefly) through the instrumentality of the old Leddy Grippy, who plays a highly amusing and important part on the occasion, James is placed in possession of the patrimony of his ancestors. Among the minor events, immediately consequent on this winding up of the story, are the marriage of James to the object of his affections, Ellen Frazer, and of his sister Mary to French Frazer the brother of Ellen. The old ledy, however, is not long a witness to the happiness to which she has so much contributed; she catches a cold at one of the wedding festivities, of which she dies 'to the great regret of all surviving friends,' and with the reading of her will, a scene of great humour, the work concludes.—Such is the story of 'the Entail,' and one better imagined or better brought out, we have not often met with. It is from beginning to end a picture of real life; the characters are such as every one may have met, and may expect to meet again in society; for it is the manners only of the Grippy family that are local, their motives of action are simple and natural, and the events to which they lead are directed by the strictest observance of poetical justice. In the death of the repentant Claud, ere he is able to accomplish that restitution on which rest his hopes of salvation; in the idiotcy of Walter; in the death of Walter and George without male heirs; and in the marriage of George's daughter, Robina, to one who is not in the line of entail; in all these

events we see strikingly portrayed the merited consequences of a wicked system of endeavours to divert the course of succession from its natural line;—a great moral exemplification of the evils and disappointments it is possible to entail on a family. The author has not sought to add to this train of ills, by ascribing any great portion of suffering to the family of the disinherited Charles; and in this we think he has acted judiciously, since it is at all times better that men should be taught the impolicy of injustice by the consequences which it brings on themselves, than by the hardships it may impose on others. We think, however, that the author would have acted still more judiciously, in this respect, had he attended more to the legal usages of the country where the scene of his story is laid; a stricter adherence to which would have exhibited the family of Charles in a posture of affairs not quite so poetical as that he has chosen. By the law of Scotland, there can be no such thing as the total disinheritance of a son; and though Claud had it in his power to settle the whole of his real estate on Walter, he had it not in his power, by any deed whatever, to prevent his other children and grandchildren, from, in that case, dividing amongst them the whole of his personal property, which amounted, as we are told somewhere in the work, to many thousand pounds.

We look upon this feature of the Scottish law with great respect; we can conceive nothing more rational, expedient, or just; and we should rejoice much to see something of the kind introduced into our own country. The number of cruel fathers would then be diminished with the power to be cruel; and a sense of equal rights, which nothing could defeat, would, by lessening our ambition of preference among children, make them 'in greater unity to dwell.' We have no apprehension that the interest of the story would have been at all diminished, by thus bettering the fortunes of the disinherited family; a few changes of situations would have left the contrast still sufficiently powerful between defrauded innocence and elated guilt; and to devise these, could have been a matter of no difficulty to a writer of Mr. Galt's ingenuity and skill. It is not altogether without regret, therefore, that we have observed this omission by Mr. Galt, of so favourable an opportunity of exemplifying the benefits of one of the wisest of his native country's institutions, and of adding, at the same time,

to the general truth and verisimilitude of his admirable pictures of Scottish life and manners.

The delineations of Mr. Galt, as we hinted in our last, have uniformly the air of being drawn from personal observation. Every individual who figures on his canvass, seems a portrait; every landscape he describes, a sketch of some existing portion of Scottish scenery. We think we can recognise some of the likenesses he presents to us; but need only refer to that of the late Professor Simson, of Glasgow, who is evidently the member of university brought into play, in p. 180, vol. ii. As a proof of the correctness of our conjectures on this head, there is, moreover, above his descriptions, such a want of all effort and far-fetched conceit; so much of brief simplicity; or, to make a homely application, so much of a jog-trot style of remarking and joking, as makes it evident that the author has drawn on his fancy for the slighter embellishments only. He cannot be said even to detain his reader; unless, indeed, we may except certain descriptions of the appearances of the heavens and the earth, with which he is fond of commencing every important expedition, and which, after all, have no other fault than their uniformity of occurrence. The excellence of this novelist's art consists, generally, in his saying just what is sufficient to strike and interest; in leaving much untold, but suggesting every thing to the imagination of the reader.

Towards the conclusion of the work, we are assured, that notwithstanding all the author has made known to us of the Grippy family, he has yet 'a world of things to tell of the ledy and the Milrookits, many of which he has reserved till he has leisure to write a certain story of incomparable humour and pathos.' And, again, at the end, p. 303, we are told, that (James) 'Walkinshaw's career as a soldier (for a soldier he had become) belongs to a more splendid theme, which, as soon as ever we receive a proper hint to do so, with ten thousand pounds to account, we propose to undertake, for he was present at the most splendid achievements of the late universal war.'

Great is our pleasure to have thus the promise of two more works, already in contemplation, from a pen, with the productions of which we have been so much pleased; and, sure we are, that many ten thousands have been thrown away in the Row, on speculations ten times less promising than the fruits of Mr. Galt's future labours.

Annals
Mrs.

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Annals of the Family of M'Roy. By Mrs. BLACKFORD. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 754. London, 1823.

THIS is a Scottish novel, even to its very binding, which is Tartan. The scene is laid in Scotland, and some of the parties talk broad Scotch, though not quite so unintelligible as Sir Walter Scott's 'Carle now the King's come.' Mrs. Blackford is favourably known to the public as the author of 'Scottish Orphans' and 'Tales of My Aunt Martha.' These two works of fiction were intended for the younger class of readers; that of the 'Family of M'Roy' is addressed to those of a maturer age; in their object, they are strictly similar—that of inculcating virtue and morality by example. The heroines of the novel are two young ladies, who quit the care of an affectionate mother in the commencement of the story, which consists of a narrative of their adventures, and the different effects that society has on their respective dispositions.

Mrs. Blackford appears to possess a pretty correct knowledge of human nature, though we confess she does not exhibit that knowledge to the best advantage in the novel before us. The story, however, is connected and well told; the language is also in general good, but the characters are not very powerfully sketched, nor are the incidents very striking.

Original.

EDITORSHIP.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Mr. Editor, your annual Address to your readers is just before me, and I confess I am quite astonished that your experience should not have taught you how to make more of your labours than you have done. Are you so stupid as to believe in the old and exploded proverb that "good wine needs no bush." I tell you, Sir, in these days of puffing and quacking, every man must hang out his sign if he wishes to succeed: aye, Sir, and that it is as necessary for an editor or an author to let the public know what he has done, as for a surgeon to blazon forth his successful operations on my Lord A's pericranium or my Lady B's sprained ancle.

I am led to these observations by a paragraph in your Address, in the last number but one of the *Literary Chronicle*, in which you state that in your last year's volume upwards of two hundred and fifty new works have been reviewed. What idea does that convey? Why nothing. We neither know the quality of the books, nor whether they were

in quarto, octavo, duodecimo, or mere pocket volumes; whether they were as bulky as a stereotyped Bible, or as thin as a volume of modern poems. In fact, we know nothing but that you reviewed two hundred and fifty new works in twelve months, or about five weekly on an average. Now "look at that picture and on this." The Editor of *Longman's Cunnynge Advertiser*, in a Paternoster-Row circular, tells the public that he has abridged more than twenty thousand pages of new books last year, that is to say, he has looked over and overlooked so many in his probation as a reviewer.

Now, Mr. Editor, however you may affect to despise such minute details, and perhaps sneer at them as a piece of contemptible quackery, I entertain a very different opinion, and might quote numerous authorities on the subject. Two, however, shall suffice. Have you, Mr. Editor, ever read of an industrious bookworm, who calculated not only the number of chapters and verses in the Old and New Testaments, but the actual number of letters and words they contained;—the number of times that certain words occurred in the whole, and which was the middle word? Now will any man of common sense pretend to put all the commentators that have ever loaded the scripture with foot and marginal notes, in competition with such a calculator?—Certainly not. The latter were mere common-place critics;—the former was a man of detail, a "man of figures" who deserves immortality.

Again, if you ever read the life of Jedediah Buxton, the great calculator, you must recollect how he turned a visit to the playhouse to advantage. Garrick was playing one of his principal characters, and Jedediah marked him well, not in the vulgar way of watching the distortions of the actor's countenance,—his gestures, or the modulations of his voice; Jedediah knew that any person from the pit to the upper gallery could do that. How do you think then that he employed himself?—Why, Sir, in counting the number of words that Garrick spoke from his entrance to his exit!

Now, Sir, if after the authorities of the Bible calculator, Jedediah Buxton, and the Editor of the *Cunnynge Advertiser*, you do not see the force of such calculations, and give us a tabular view of your last year's labours, I shall deem you incorrigible. I am, &c.

ABRAHAM COCKER.

Lineal Descendant of the Author of the "Arithmetic."

THE GHOST.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

THERE is no subject under heaven so awfully important as the rumour of a ghost. It brings with it a thousand dreadful apprehensions, and fills the heart of all honest Christians with terror and dismay. It comes attended with very miserable forebodings of evil and bad luck, and is apt to make one think that all is not exactly right below. It agitates and disturbs the strongest and best regulated mind, and impresses it with uncomfortable images of raw and rotting bones (no manner of meat upon them); of tall skeletons, all in white; blue twinkling tapers; and the clanking of chains, enough to scarify the stoutest, and overpower the courage of a very bullock (not that bullocks are particularly courageous as I am aware of, only their horns look heroic). It unfits one for every thing in the world, and the kindest hearted soul in the parish cannot go to bed in peace for it. It affects all ages, classes, and denominations. It is not sufficient that a good woman shall say her prayers twice over, night and morning, (generally three times at night) and perform a variety of kind neighbourly actions upon such an occasion,—no! no sooner has a ghost made its appearance than rest is gone and quiet broken. The report, in short, steals slowly and fearfully on, and on, and on, involved in dismal uncertainty, like the rumbling of a mighty noise which all dread, but nobody knows exactly wherefore. Ghosts are certainly very shocking things, and ought not to be suffered in a well-disposed community.

I once happened to be in a little village, in the north, where one of these shadowy excrescences of the tomb was reported to have arisen. An elderly gentleman (who, while living, had exercised the calling of rascal-in-general to the neighbourhood, and who was reputed to possess the distinguished patronage of the *King of the Low-lands*) took it into his head to die one day. Now whether it came to pass that he had any particular friends above ground, or whether he had experienced an uncourtly reception beneath it, is not satisfactorily authenticated. Certain it is, that soon after he had, as was conceived, fairly given up the ghost, as is usual on such occasions, my lord took it into his immortal skull to exhumatize his corpus as a goblin of the first water. How the devil he got his passport, or how obtained leave of absence, must be left to future enquiry. He got it. It was first discovered to several deserv-

ing people; but somehow they did not much care to believe it, that is, to avow it. Man is a fond facetious animal, and dearly loves to doodle himself into the belief of what most tickles his fancy. He will play with his brains (provided he have any) as a cat, look you, plays with a mouse; and likes a bit of fun that way to his very heart. He chuckles over a bit of self-deceit with all the satisfaction in the world, and laughs in his sleeve at the very juggle. It is a monstrously unpleasant thing to be put out of sorts, and nobody in his seven senses would quietly submit to it, when by a little innocent trickery he can secure himself from the incorrigible nastiness of truth. Just such a feeling was it that for a while repressed the general announcement of the ghostly visitor. Each of the favoured few dreaded that his neighbour might know somewhat *more* than himself, and his own dark doubts and fearful apprehensions, the Lord knew, were quite enough, without the acquisition of others. Thus lay the news smouldering and consuming like concealed fire, till chance or time should fan it into one wide general conflagration. This was a little time in coming about. Silence and dark foreboding, at first withheld all communion; but, by and by, sundry fearful whispers and mysterious shakes of the head began to go abroad; and several learned old ladies had been observed with hands and eyes uplifted; and knots of honest gentlefolks had here and there been seen to congregate together, all deprecating (so it seemed) an evil to come. At length, the smothered flame burst out, and oh! ye immortal gods, how it spread—above, below, around, diagonally, here, there, every where, the truth came out. Jeremy Tucker, the weaver, had sworn, might he never speak more, if he hadn't with his own blessed eyes, seen Old Di (the defunct) all in white, and as big as a mountain, flying about, as it were, like a very devil, uttering unearthly yells and other spiritual sounds, such as no man had ever dreamed the like of;—to all which he was ready to make his davy, as a Christian man and a weaver, whenever thereunto required. After this, many amiable souls had the honour of a personal interview with his worship, and it was quite astonishing to hear the many conversations which thereupon passed between Old Di and certain of the veracious of the parish. Some, indeed, had been obliged with palpable proofs of his identity, in the defined and intelligible shape of kicks,

thumps, and bodily damage, much to the annoyance of his majesty's liege subjects. Such were the gambols of this shady pestilence that one unhappy rascal had nearly been relieved of his nethermost *fibula*. No question the contusion bore assimilated shape to a horse-shoe; but where was the infidel that saw not in it the undoubted handy-work of Di and the devil.

Things could not remain long in this position. The wiseacres of the village held grand council; and it was resolved, in consequence of certain dissentients, to call, for the common good, a solemn meeting deprecatory of the threatened inflictions on the harmless and pacific-hearted natives. Some were for bravery and defiance; some for prayer and exorcism; others were chary of meddling with things infernal; but all concurred in the propriety of getting well quit of this demon of darkness.

The assembly met in broad day, (night would have been a ticklish time for such a subject), the chair taken, and the president (the most brazen-faced scoundrel within ten miles of the place) commenced, as customary in such cases, to hint at his inability to perform the duties, &c., and all that sort of thing; and then proceeded to the business of the meeting. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'Gentlemen, (not five of whom knew their letters) what are we to do about the ghost?' Whether this was a positive interrogatory addressed to those around, or merely a ram's-horn of rhetoric for his own replication, was rather doubtful; so all were silent. 'Are we' continued the orator, 'to face Old Di and get rid of him somehow, or be bothered out of our lives by remaining quietly where we are, (loud cries of *hear, hear, hear!*). Is it better, gentlemen, to be teased and tormented with his infernal freaks by continuing in a cowardly idleness, or to rid ourselves at once, by a bold resistance through smoke and sulphur, of this spiteful and spiritual blackguard? (murmurs and confusion on the right). Shall we—'

It were useless to follow the speaker in the thread of his arguments, or to cite the discussion which ensued. After much sage deliberation, it was put and carried, (*nem. con.*) that troops should be levied to compel Old Di to raise the siege, quietly, if he would, but if he persisted, all the devils below were fools to the magnanimous crew engaged in the holy warfare.

A night was appointed (secretly, for the sake of surprise,) upon which the

army, trained, drilled, and accoutred with weapons of all sorts, sizes, and description, pitch and every other kind of forks, two swords, knives, clubs, one rusty gun, broomsticks, spades, and other missiles, were brought into general requisition. It came—oh, how awfully dark and dismal was that night! a sombre mystification seemed to hang round all things; and the hour—midnight—dreadful and horrible, whether with goblins or without, struck into the stoutest heart the freezing feelings of dismay. Slowly and silently they paced to the scene of action,—a cold sweat oozing from every pore of every limb of every creature there; uninterruptedly had they proceeded to the end of the first field; cautiously and noiselessly had they cleared the first stile; yet, nevertheless, valiantly and with true hearts and bold, they yet pursued the road to glory! they had reached the gravel-pit in safety, and now were on the point of crossing Fuller's Brook, when, oh! horror of horrors! there stood Old Di, exposed to their open gaze. Di, Di himself, in amorous dalliance with Beelzebub himself. To turn and run was the first wish of their hearts; to stand stock still was the inclination of their legs. How long they stood they knew not; their eyes were fastened with ghastly intensity on the sight before them.

All of a sudden, the devil and Old Di took to their heels with the swiftness of the wind. In the twinkling of an eye all bosoms burned again with ardour; their limbs resumed their usual functions; and off they set in full cry after the unearthly pair, as though in turn every wind in heaven was at their back; through meadows, pastures, feedings, over hedges and ditches, down lanes, and up the highways; nothing, no obstruction impeded the heat of this infernal chase. At length, they gain upon them; urged by fresh hopes, fresh strength appears to nerve their magnanimous desires; they push on with increased velocity, they run, they rush, they fly, *they overtake them*. What did they see—what terrific and dismaying sounds greeted their bewildered ears—what unholy vision met their astonished eyes? Oh! Amos Hart;—oh! Sukey Ford! who so well as you can disclose the secrets of that scene? W. B. L.

Original Poetry.

THE SKAITER.

He kissed his love by the sparkling fire:
She was learning a song—she was tuning her lyre.

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Their glance parted hope, and he shut the door,
Light hearted and happy to visit the moor :
The water was frozen, the weather was cold,
The sun in clouds of vapour roll'd ;
The skaiter sat down by the river's brim,
And fixed his skaits on the ice to skim ;
All breathless and glowing he taught his feet
Motion and figure to repeat ;
He had cut out her name in circles and lines
Whose heart in his pleasure and sorrow twines ;
Devices so true and so neatly form'd
He drew with his fanciful passion charm'd ;
Love never is cold while life exists ;
It may chill in misfortune's human mists ;
The pulse may be checked, or quickened, yet
The flame survives when the sparks are met.
He thought so, he felt it, his love was young ;
It was pure, for it came from his maiden's tongue.
She nested it fondly, and though he would roam,
She kept it in feeling and truth at home.
It was hope in her happiness feeding him
As he on the treacherous ice would skim.
Little reckless that happiness swam on the deep
Where the fathomless waters sleep.
It was Hope raising tones of sweetness too
In his love by the fire's ethereal blue ;
And the bliss of her passion's emotioning burn
Was to greet his loved and joyous return.
But he never returned—a spring
On which he was tracing a ring,
Was but tenderly iced, and he sank
Under the sheeted and liquid bank.

J. R. P.

EPIGRAM ON THE LATE IRISH PLOT.

Of sham plots and sham treasons, great plenty
we've had ;
Of complaints without cause, peradventure too
few ;
But saw the world ever a plot like the present,
Come of what Irish meant, as a mere "How
d'ye do ?"
Treason against the King ! Treason against the
State !
Alas ! for poor Erin ! Alas for her boys White
and Steel !
Why all those dread missiles, which so much
is said of
Were all by my conscience—*Bits of mere
Orange Peel.*

R.

HORACE, 22nd ODE, 1st BOOK.

THE man of pure unspotted heart
Needs not the Mauritanian's dart,—
Needs not the brazen shield to thwart
Th' attacks of virtue's foe,
Whether on Afric's burning sands,
Or on Arabia's desert lands,
Or on Mount Caucasus he stands :
Where'er he chance to go,
Either o'er mountains capt with snows,
Or where far-fam'd Hydaspes flows,
Or where the fiercest tiger grows
On Ganges' sacred strand ;
His virtue and his innocence
Are e'en in these his firm pretence,
His shield, his buckler, his defence,
Still unappall'd he'll stand.
For musing on my lovely maid,
While careless thro' the woods I stray'd,
I met a wolf beneath the shade,
While prowling for its prey ;
A monster, such as ne'er was seen
In Daunia's beech-groves ever green,
Or near the Indus' tepid stream,
Which fled for fear away.

Place me upon a desert shore,
Round which the angry tempests roar,
My Lalage I'd still adore,
The idol of my heart ;
Place me upon a barren isle,
Where neither grass nor culture smile,
I there would love her all the while,
My life, my better part :
Or were I, under Phœbus' ray,
Thirsting thro' all the live-long day,
And not a stream my thirst t'allay,
E'en there I'd constant prove,
To her whose love the time beguiles,
Who sweetly talks, more sweetly smiles,—
A recompence for all my toils,
My Lalage, my love.

JEAN.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

KING'S THEATRE.—The opening of this theatre on Saturday night would have given us assurance that all the people of fashion were not in the country, had we not known it from the dress circles of Drury Lane and Covent Garden ; but there was nothing in the opening peculiarly striking ; many of the favourites of last season have been retained, and we understand that Mr. Ebers has not been negligent in providing new candidates for public favour. On Tuesday, Rosini's opera, *La Gazza Ladra*, was extremely well performed, Madame Camporese, Curioni, and Madame Vestris, sustained the old characters of Ninetta, Gianetta, and Pippo, in their old way, and we can pay them no higher compliment. A new singer, Signor Porto, made his first appearance as Gottardo, the magistrate ; he has a powerful bass voice of great depth, variety, and flexibility ; in comic force and expression, he often reminded us of our old favourite, Ambrogetti ; his *debut* was completely successful.

A ballet called *L'Offrande aux Graces* was produced for the first time, and does great credit to the new ballet master, M. St. Aumer ; the grouping of the members of the corps de ballet was elegant and picturesque.

DRURY LANE.—The new pantomime has succeeded, and proves, as it deserves to be, attractive. On Tuesday a new drama, in three acts, evidently of foreign extraction, was produced, under the title of *Augusta, or the Blind Girl*. The story is romantic, and yet does not belong to the class of melodrama. A German count falls in love with a girl who had lost her sight, and in the zeal of his devotion, he determines to try every thing in his power to restore it ; for this purpose, he enters the service of a celebrated oculist in Paris, as a menial, and having gained the secret of his master's skill, succeeds in re-

storing sight to his mistress, whom he marries. The defect of the piece is that it wants incident, no small want certainly ; it would make a pretty tale, but is a very poor drama, and notwithstanding some good acting by Mr. Cooper, Mrs. Davison, and Mrs. W. West, it stands no chance of becoming a favourite.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Wednesday evening the play of *King Henry the Eighth*, after lying dormant for some years at this house, was revived. The great attraction of the night was a Mrs. Ogilvy in Queen Katharine, and Macready in Cardinal Wolsey ; and though old play-goers may certainly have something to regret, when they recollect Mrs. Siddons and Mr. John Kemble in these characters, yet it cannot be much, for considerable excellence was really thrown into the parts by the new supporters of them.

To begin with the lady, as in *gallantry* bound, her figure is a very fine one, rather tall, and her face very expressive ; her principal fault is in her voice, which is somewhat too weak and thin for the size of the theatre ; but she has probably not been used to so large an arena, and practice may, in a great degree, remedy it ; in other respects she succeeded admirably, and drew down numberless plaudits from a crowded audience, especially in the trial scene, where she was truly great. Altogether her *debut* was completely successful ; and, we think, she will be a considerable acquisition to the house.

Mr. Macready's Cardinal Wolsey was very fine indeed in the latter part of the play ; and throughout he excited frequent bursts of approbation by his peculiar, and perhaps somewhat studied hits. In the early scenes, he made the character, which, though an old man, should be certainly haughty and towering almost beyond mortal power, too feeble and nerveless to our thinking ; yet, as a whole, he is entitled to our congratulations for sustaining the part in the way he did, after so great a pourtrayer of it as John Kemble had gone before him. C. Kemble was a very good Cromwell ; and Egerton a very respectable King, which is something now-a-days.

Grimaldi goes on playing pranks in the Pantomime as if he never meant to get old.

Literature and Science.

The North-West Expedition.—At the monthly meeting of the Newcastle Lite-

rary and Philosophical Society, on the 7th inst. an interesting paper was read, on the probable situation, condition, and prospects of Capt. Parry and his brave fellow-adventurers. It showed the probability of their having succeeded in getting a passage through some inlet in the north-west of Hudson's Bay, since, if this had not been the case, they would have returned, or at least been heard of. If they should have got beyond the Copper Mine River the first summer, it is a subject of hope rather than expectation, that they may have passed Mackenzie's, and pushed through Behring's Straits, in which case we may expect intelligence very soon. But in this case, probably, Franklin would have heard of them. Or they may have been taken short by the climate before reaching the Pacific, and are now passing a second winter on this side of Behring's Straits: still a fair hope may be entertained of their ultimate safety; but it may be the end of this year, or the spring of the next, before we hear of them. Or, thirdly, they may not have been able to find a passage to the Pacific; and then, the question is, can they get back to the Atlantic before the open weather closes; or have they the means of passing a third Polar winter? Various presumptions are in favour of this. But on a fourth, not improbable, supposition of damage to the ships, or deficiency of, or injury to, their resources, or sickness, disabling from exertion, their situation must indeed be wretched; and what ought the country, in contemplation even of its possibility, to do? First, to despatch directions to the Governors of Canada, Hudson's Bay, and the North-West Company, directing them to equip different parties of natives, with proper supplies, to go in search, by the Copper Mine and Mackenzie's Rivers, and other routes, with a security of being rewarded at any rate, and munificently in case of success. Secondly, that two or three small vessels be sent in different directions. Thirdly, that the Davis's Straits' ships be encouraged to sail a fortnight or more before the usual time, and explore the coast before they come to the fishing-ground. These or any other expedients should be adopted, rather than a chance be lost of saving these brave men.—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL articles promised for insertion this week have been unavoidably deferred to our next number, when

Ordovex's Second Letter on the National Histories shall have insertion.

Advertisements.

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